

Once Upon a Time by Luv_Haze

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove & Steve Harrington, Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Harringrove - Relationship

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-11-07

Updated: 2018-11-07

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:56:37

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,217

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Billy offers to carve a pumpkin for Steve and the conversation somehow ends up with them deciding which one of them is Snow White and which one is Prince Charming.

Random fluffy flirting.

Once Upon a Time

Author's Note:

This started as a Halloween fic and quickly morphed into a random Snow White reference so...there's that. Steve and Billy have become friends (in some magical unknown way that I don't bother to address in this drabble) and they flirt.

"I'll carve your pumpkin for you," Billy says and Steve tilts his head a bit, intrigued by the strange offer.

Steve can't carve his own pumpkin, or he *shouldn't*, not with the brace around his sprained wrist from where he slipped and fell last week at the ice cream store he works at and apparently cannot properly mop without falling on his ass. It's also where he's currently stationed at, perched in front of the register wondering if Billy is actually going to order something this time. He *never* orders.

"You'll carve a pumpkin...for me?" Steve asks, because he wasn't actually *planning* to carve one, he's nineteen after all, a recent high school graduate with his entire life ahead of him and it's not like he even *wanted* to carve a pumpkin, but he sees where Billy might have misunderstood him as Steve had just said, *thank god I'm not playing basketball, can barely scoop ice cream much less carve a pumpkin*. He'd even waved his arm around, showing off the brace for extra sympathy points.

Truly though, Steve had simply been complaining but Billy had somehow managed to extract some serious "pumpkin carving" intentions out of that rambling mess and offered up his services and honestly, it was cute. Steve was swooning on the inside.

Billy's eyes roll as he leans against the counter, clearly not in a hurry to order anything or even pretend like he's going to order anything, it'll be Halloween soon, too cold to really want ice cream anyway. "Not like you can carve it yourself, gimpy. I'll fucking do it. How hard can it be?"

“You’ve never carved a pumpkin before?” Steve can’t say he’s shocked, but come on, Billy had to have been a kid once, right? He didn’t just pop into the world in skin tight jeans and a mouth that could shame a truck driver into submission while still snatching up all the panties in the vicinity in the meantime.

“Not since I was like six. Jesus, Harrington, you do know that teenagers and adults only carve pumpkins for little kids right? You got a kid squirreled away that I don’t know about?”

Steve’s jaw drops open at the insult. Why, he doesn’t know, because he wasn’t even planning to carve a fucking pumpkin until Billy offered, but whatever, he’s still insulted. “I’ve got *six* kids, remember?”

“Right, how could I forget. You’ve got Dopey, Happy, Sneezy, Bashful, Loser and Shitbird. It’s like the seven dwarfs follow you around,” Billy says, looking at his fingernails like he’s suddenly lost all interest in chatting even though he’s the one that showed up at the mall on a Thursday evening to talk Steve’s ear off. Again.

“Since I only have six kids and there’s seven dwarfs, congratulations my man, you can be Grumpy. Welcome to the gang,” Steve says, fiddling with the register tape that sticks out from the machine to pretend he’s just as bored when really he’s hanging on Billy’s every word like a total dumbass.

“Fuck that, I’d be Doc,” Billy says, as if it mattered.

“No way, I’d be Doc. Obviously,” Steve says.

“Except you’re not a dwarf in this scenario, pretty boy, you’re Snow White.” Billy straightens up and eyes him like he’s an idiot for thinking otherwise.

Steve feels a rush of butterflies in his stomach like he always does when they flirt. “You’re not a dwarf then either, you’re too tall, too old and too...fit.”

“Then clearly I’m Prince Charming,” Billy preens at the compliment.

“More like the witch,” Steve says with a deliberate scowl.

Just then, Robin comes huffing out of the back of Scoops Ahoy, a cup of ice cream with two plastic spoons sticking out of it in her hand.

“Alright, listen up fucktards. I’m the evil witch, this ice cream here is the poisoned apple and you’re both tied for Dopey. Seriously, just fucking kiss already,” she says, shoving the cup onto the counter between them as if they are the most annoying morons she’s ever had the displeasure to know and repeatedly overhear.

“But I’m totally Prince Charming, right?” Steve calls after her as she stomps away, anything to avoid the awkward energy that’s sprung up between them. Sure, they’d been flirting for months; all summer at the pool, in passing while toting the kids around, even in the arcade parking lot, but it was safely unspoken. Until now.

Risking eye contact, Steve finds Billy licking his lips after pulling a pink spoon out of his mouth. “Too late Harrington, I already started eating the ice cream so I guess I’m Snow White now,” Billy says. His smile is freakishly attractive and full of something akin to gloating, which is confusing.

Steve furrows his eyebrows. “Uh...why does it sound like you *want* to be Snow White?”

“You do know Prince Charming has to make the first move, right?” Billy is quick to point out, jabbing the freshly licked spoon in his direction as if saying *tag, you’re it!*

Their eyes lock and a long moment of silence passes between them.

“Fuck,” Steve mutters and glances away. Then, in a rush of bravery, he snaps back and snatches the ice cream cup from Billy’s hand and darts toward the back room. “Congratulations! You’re Prince Charming!”

“Fuck you! I’m totally Snow White!” Billy’s arm reaches out to grab him but it’s too late, Steve sidesteps the grab and giggles like a girl as he escapes through the door marked *Employees Only*.

Steve waits until Billy leaves before emerging from the back room again, making Robin man the front until the coast is clear. It costs

him an entire hour of being lectured that he should *get a room and tear his clothes off for fuck's sake* by his snarky co-worker.

What Steve doesn't expect is Billy leaning against his car in the mall parking lot after work, smoking a cigarette and blowing smoke rings into the chilled October night sky.

Steve swallows hard, slowly making his way over and glancing around to make sure there are no cars around. The lot is empty, Robin parked at another entrance and the nearest car aside from his and Billy's was far enough away that they would easily be shielded by the darkness and distance.

"Come here Snow White," Billy says once he's in earshot. The husk in his voice warms Steve into a near frenzy.

As he comes to stand in front of Billy, he realizes it isn't awkward between them anymore, just calm and steady.

"As much as I hate losing a tie-breaker, you really are a better Dopey than me so...I'll take Snow White any day," Steve says, rambling a bit because he knows something is about to happen between them, or at least he thinks he does, *hopes* something happens, because it's been *months* of them circling each other. The verbal foreplay has been off the charts and he's seriously tired of *just* jerking off.

Billy smiles, steps closer and gently cups Steve's cheek. "Good. Because that means I get to be Prince Charming."

And while Steve is very much a boy, he can't help but feel like a princess when Billy's lips meet his in the softest, most romantic first kiss he's ever had.